VOL. 2. APRIL, 1899. NO. 6.

LITTLE FOLKS

AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY FOR YOUNGEST READERS

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED

OUR LITTLE ONES AND THE NURSERY

PRICE 10 CTS 1,00 A YEAR

PUBLISHED BY S. E. CASSINO BOSTON

AN AGENT wanted in every City and Town in the United States.

E
S1-I2
L2

Contents of Little Folks, April, 1899.

Copyright 1899, by S. E. Cassino. Entered at the Post Office at Boston as second-class matter.

		PAGE.
Frontispiece. "Last Year's Lilies." Illustration. Frontispiece.	*Agnes M. Watson*	162
The Yearly Wonder Illustration.	*Emilie Poulsson*	163
Little Jane Ann Illustrations by E. B. Barrows.	*Abby Morton Diaz*	164
The Busy Bee	*Mildred Merle*	168
The Pastry Cook Illustration by Josephine Bruce.	*Mary B. Florence*	169
Where was the Little White Dog? VI Illustrations by the Author.	*Margaret Johnson*	170
Said Father Sun	*Helen A. Hawley*	172
The Legend of the Crossbill Illustration by the Author.	*A. Hyatt Verrill*	172
Billy Boy Brown. Chapter VI. Who was Captain of the Company? Illustrations by Frank T. Merrill.	*Sophie Swett*	174
Pussy Willow	*Vivien May Norris*	178
My Witch Doll Illustration by R. F. Pratt.	*Margaret P. Boyle*	179
The Song of the Umbrella	*Maggie Wheeler Ross*	181
The Alphabet Beautiful. The Letter P Illustrations by Hiram P. Barnes.	*C. E. S. F. P.*	182
What Ethel Heard in the Night Illustration by Agnes M. Watson.	*Julia D. Cowles*	184
A Ship at Sea Illustration by Harriette L. Merriam.	*Lilla Thomas Elder*	186
Billy Button's Last Naughty Day Illustration by H. P. Barnes.	*L. E. Johnson*	187
What a Shame!	*Jennie Betts Hartswick*	189
Dear Mr. DeLong. The Roggie and Reggie Stories Illustrations by Hiram Putnam Barnes.	*Gertrude Smith*	190

DEPARTMENTS.

The Little Folks Letter-Bag . . . . . v, vi, vii

[The entire contents of this Magazine are covered by copyright, but the press is invited to copy freely provided credit be given to Little Folks.]

LITTLE FOLKS.

EDITED BY

CHARLES STUART PRATT AND ELLA FARMAN PRATT.

Published Monthly. Single Number, 10 cents. $1.00 a Year.

Remittances may be sent by postal money order, express money order or registered letter. Personal checks on small places not received. If your magazine fails to come, write the publisher, giving your full correct address.

Renewals should be sent direct to the publisher, as no commission or discount is allowed booksellers, newsdealers or subscription agencies—except for new subscribers. All remittances are acknowledged by postal card.

No premiums will be given, or special offers honored, unless subscriptions are sent direct to publisher.

All changes in address should be reported promptly. Both the *old* and the *new* address must be sent in full.

To avoid misunderstanding Little Folks will be sent until ordered stopped, and all arrearages paid.

S. E. CASSINO, Publisher, Pope Building, 221 Columbus Avenue, Boston, Mass.

DAISY AIR RIFLE.

Shoots darts or B. B. shot. Black walnut stock, pistol grip, nickle plated. Has a new arrangement by which darts can be used, making it perfectly safe for parlor amusement. All parts are interchangeable and can be replaced if required. Length 30 inches. The best air rifle to be had. Given for two new subscribers or for one new subscriber and 20 cents. Postage 35 cents or sent by express. Darts 5 cents each.

"Would her last year's lilies
Grow and bloom anew?"

LITTLE FOLKS

VOL. II. APRIL, 1899. No. 6.

THE YEARLY WONDER.

IN a sunny corner
Of the garden old,
Poking careful fingers
Through the leafy mould,
Stooped a little maiden
Bending low her head,
Eyes and fingers searching
All the garden bed.
Would the yearly wonder
Yet again come true?
Would her last year's lilies
Grow and bloom anew?

Withered stalks all trailing,
Bushes dry and bare,
Grasses brown and matted,
—These were everywhere.
But the little maiden,
Still with hopeful heart
Peered beneath the bushes,
Poked the leaves apart.
Would the yearly wonder
Yet again come true?
Would her last year's lilies
Grow and bloom anew?

Copyright, 1899, by S. E. CASSINO. All rights reserved.

"Yes, oh, yes! I see you!"
Soon the glad child cries,
As amid the dead leaves
Specks of green she spies,
Pale green points so tiny
They can scarce be seen;
Yet she reads their promise—
Life, new life, they mean.
Yes, the joyful wonder
Ever will come true;
After winter, springtime;
From old life, the new.

Emilie Poulsson.

LITTLE JANE-ANN.

A FEW mothers were talking of their little-girl days, saying, "Don't you remember" this, or that, when out spoke one of them, and said, "The time of the year, and April near, makes *me* remember '*buly*, *baly*, *bily*, *bely*, *boly*, *bum*,' and Jane-Ann Cary!'

And then she had to tell the others about "*buly*, *baly*, *bily*, *bely*, *boly*, *bum*," and Jane-Ann Cary.

It was when our home was away off in New York state, she said. Jane-Ann's aunt lived in the other part of the house, and Jane-Ann had come to spend the winter there. She was six or seven years old, a bright little girl, but some one had been foolish enough to tell her she was pretty and smart. This had just about spoiled the child. It made her feel proud and "big." She was so pleased with her own self that when with other children she expected to have her own way. She never seemed to think of pleasing *them*, and playing what *they* wished to play. Oh, no! None of that for Jane-Ann. They must please Jane-Ann and play what Jane-Ann wished to play. It seemed as if all her thoughts went to Jane-Ann. This was a pity, for really there was a deal of good in her.

Of course the other children could not like such a child. And when April-Fool's Day came they, all together, planned a plan.

You know that now and then a new thing comes to school-children—some trick, or puzzle, or a guess-thing. The new thing that had come to us was, "*buly, baly, bily, bely, boly, bum!*" Whoever could say it three times, fast, just right, was to have twenty butternuts.

"NOW THEN! BEGIN!"

When Jane-Ann left home that morning, she said that *she* was not going to be April-fooled in any way. Now the plan that had been planned was this; and you may be sure it was kept very private. As soon as school should be let out, some of the children were to begin saying, "*buly, baly.*"

This was done; and when Jane-Ann was asked if she would like to try it, she said she would. Then it was said to her,

three times, by one standing in front of her, so that she would have to look that way. The others were standing around and privately passing to those behind Jane-Ann narrow slips of paper having "A. F." written on them, to pin on her cloak.

"Now say it," said the speaker in front. "Take care. Don't get the o's and i's and a's mixed up Now then! Begin!"

Jane-Ann began quite bravely, but she felt the eyes of all of them fixed upon her, and fearing that she *should* get her o's and i's and a's mixed up, she did it—"*buly, baly, boly.*"

"Wrong!" they all shouted; "'*bily, bely,*' comes before '*boly*'!"

"Give her another chance!" said some one behind. For the trimming had not all been done.

Jane-Ann began again. "Wrong!" was soon shouted. For she had put "*bely*" between "*baly*" and "*bily.*"

By this time the cloak was pretty well trimmed at the back with "A. F." paper ribbons, and Jane-Ann walked away, the children trying to keep their laughter from being seen or heard, with their hands, or by stuffing in handkerchiefs, and those who went her way following behind.

When Jane-Ann entered the house everybody there laughed out. "Oh Jane-Ann! what a pretty cloak you've got! Look behind!"

"Oh, you can't April-fool *me!*" said Jane-Ann. "*I'm* not going to look behind!"

"But you *are* April-fooled!" they shouted. And someone took a hand-glass and led her to a mirror, and when Jane-Ann saw all those trimmings, she pulled off her cloak and ran upstairs and it was as much as they could do to coax her down to the supper-table.

Jane-Ann was rather silent the rest of the day, and at night she tossed in the bed and had hardly fallen asleep when she woke herself up saying, "*Buly, baly,*" and Miss Doane, a dressmaker who had lived a long time in the family, heard her sobbing, and went in.

Miss Doane was one who always spoke right out whatever she thought, but not always in an agreeable way. She meant well, but really she did not know how to talk to children.

Miss Doane walked straight up to little Jane-Ann's bed and said, "What's the matter?"

After a while Jane-Ann sobbed out, "I don't see what they all wanted to April-fool *me* for! I don't believe they like *me*."

"You are a little goose!" said Miss Doane. "You *expect* them to like you! Why should they? You don't try to please *them*. They have to please *you*. You must have *your* way, or else you will be sulky. I've noticed that if there's a paper of goodies in sight, your hand is usually the first to go into it. And you are *too* sure of being always right. Now why don't you turn square about and instead of putting your own self foremost, hold back? Why don't you be more modest?"

Of course this talk made Jane-Ann sob all the more, and as soon as Miss Doane went out and left the child, her aunt came in and sat down on Jane-Ann's little bed, and said, "My dear little girl! Don't cry! For even if what Miss Doane says is true now, it need not be true always. There is plenty of good in you and you must let that show out. Try to please, instead of trying to *be* pleased. Never say, never do, anything that will make anyone feel bad. Don't pick out the best for yourself. Don't suppose yourself to be always in the right. As Miss Doane says—be modest! Think of Aunt Hannah—everybody's Aunt Hannah! She is so always ready to do a kindness, so good-humored and so cheery, that she really seems to brighten up a room and to carry sunshine wherever she goes. Think how much good Aunt Hannah does in the world even in small ways. Don't forget what Miss Doane said, Jane-Ann, but try and remember what I have said, too."

"You would all like to know," said this mother to the other mothers, after a pause, "and so would I, how it was with Jane-Ann in later years. But she went to her own home soon after that, and we moved away off here, and I have never known whether she lived a pleasure-*giving*, helpful life; or a pleasure-*taking*, self-ful life."

"Well, the aunt was right," said one of the mothers.

"I think Miss Doane was right too," said another one of the mothers.

"I wonder if *we* could say that 'new thing!'" said still another of the mothers. And they began all together, "*Boly, bely, bily bum, baly, buly, bum*"—the "*bums*" coming in the wrong places—and they made such funny sounds, and laughed so much, that the children came running to the door, and looked in with wondering eyes at the noisy mamas.

Abby Morton Diaz.

THEY LOOKED IN AT THE NOISY MAMAS.

THE BUSY BEE.

I would be like the Busy Bee,
In all but this one thing:
That aught that I may say or do
May never leave a sting!

Mildred Merle.

THE PASTRY-COOK.

BUSY little Patty,
Loves to cook and bake;
Every Saturday morning,
She makes a little cake.

She has a tiny pie-board,
A cunning rolling-pin,
A measuring cup, a mixing spoon,
And pans of shining tin.

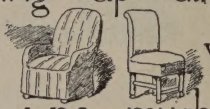
Mama rolls the cookey-dough,
Patty cuts out rings,
And squares, and hearts, and elephants,
And lots of funny things.

She puts them in the oven
And watches while they bake,
Then (tray in hand), she comes around
And gives us all a cake.

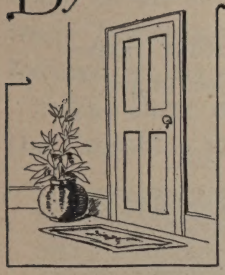
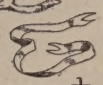
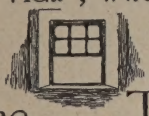
Mary B. Florence.

WHERE WAS THE LITTLE WHITE DOG?

VI

The Little Girl took Teddy home with her that day. "He has no ," said her Papa, only a . We must try to find out who has lost a little . But we will keep him to-night." "He will make such a nice playmate for Rosabella and Snowball", said the Little Girl So they all went home together. The Little Girl lived in a very pretty house, with growing up all-over the porch. Teddy found the  very soft, and the and he was much pleased with the chicken he had for dinner, and the fine game he had with the Little Girl afterward. She played he was a

a grizzly bear, and pretended to be afraid of him.

By and by there came a scratching at the  door. "O, there is Snowball!" cried the Little Girl. And she opened the door, and in came a , a lovely white cat, with a blue  round her neck and a . Teddy ran to play with her. But Kitty had claws. How she scratched him! He jumped on the table, tipping over the and , and she jumped after him, and away they both flew helter-skelter barking and spitting, through the hall, into the dining-room, out of the open  across the lawn, and over the fence. Then Snowball, the white came running back, pleased and proud. But where was the little but racing away down the street as fast as his sturdy little short legs could carry him!

SAID FATHER SUN.

"WHO'LL be up first?" asked Father Sun—
"*That* child shall my complexion share."
The flowers listened, every one.
"Who'll be up first?" asked Father Sun.
The Yellow Crocus surely won
The prize that day, in contest fair.
"Who'll be up first?" asked Father Sun—
"*That* child shall my complexion share."

Helen A. Hawley.

THE LEGEND OF THE CROSSBILL.

THE cold north wind whistled through the vines of th veranda and scattered the dried blue honeysuckle berries on the ground. Eric stood by the window watching the falling snow. "Oh, papa," he cried suddenly, "come see these birds!"

Eric's father laid down his book and went to the window. In the vines, and hopping about on the snow-covered ground, were a number of birds eating the berries and chattering to one another in low tones. Some of these birds were dull olive and yellow; others were dressed in brilliant red, their bright feath ers showing like blood against the soft white snow.

"These are Crossbills, Eric," said he, "and if you look at them you will see why they have such a queer name."

Presently one of the pretty creatures came close and Eric called, "Oh, I see now—the bird's bill is all twisted."

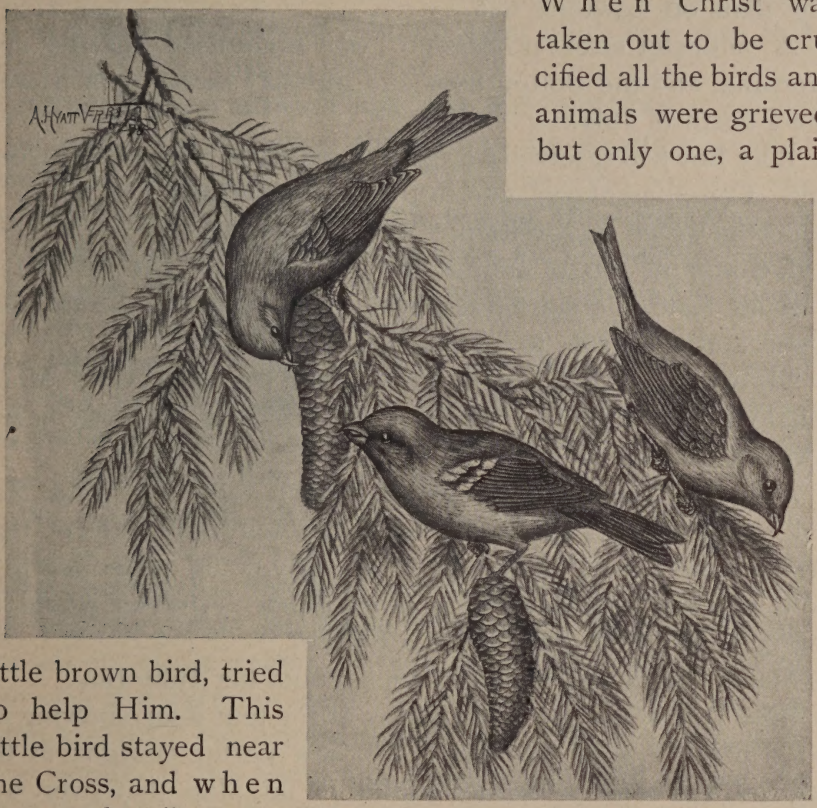
Eric's father laughed. "It is not twisted," he said, "but the ends are bent past each other."

"Well," said Eric, "*why* are they like that, instead of straight?"

Eric's father drew a chair to the window and took his little boy on his knee. "Crossbills," he said, "live in the far north—they only visit here in winter. They feed on pine and fir seeds and use their scissor-like bills to chip off the scales of cones so as to reach the seeds beneath. When pine-cones are scarce, they

come to the shrubbery near houses to feed on the berries. In their forest-home there are few people, and they are neve harmed, so they are always tame and fearless of man.

"And there is a very pretty little legend, Eric, that tells how the Crossbills first came by their queer beaks and red feathers. When Christ was taken out to be crucified all the birds and animals were grieved, but only one, a plain little brown bird, tried to help Him. This little bird stayed near the Cross, and when the cruel nails were driven through the Saviour's hands he fluttered down and tugged and pulled to draw them out. But though he struggled until his little bill was bent out of shape, and his feathers dyed with the Lord's blood, he failed to start the nails. But Christ saw his efforts and smiled and thanked him. And ever since, says the legend, the bird's feathers have been red and its bill crossed.



THEY FEED ON PINE SEEDS.

A. Hyatt Verrill.

CHAPTER VI.—WHO WAS CAPTAIN OF THE COMPANY?

THE great show, the "Wonder of the World," had come to town. It came in the night and packed itself away in the big tents on Lawton's field.

A "monster street procession" was announced, for the next morning, and the Bolton boys and girls lay awake as if it were the Fourth of July.

Billy Boy had received a large square ticket, marked "Season," and "Complimentary," and in the same envelope, was a slip of paper on which was written, "*Ask for J. Simpkins at the door.*"

J. Simpkins was, of course, Billy Boy's friend, the Wild Man.

Aunt Kate said she felt doubtful about "that Wild Man business," and she wrote to her husband about it.

"It won't do him any harm to learn to be a Wild Man". That was Uncle William's answer; and Billy Boy thought he was a very sensible man.

Aunt Kate also wrote to Mama Brown about the Wild Man and the buffalo, although she didn't tell Billy Boy of that. And Mama Brown answered, "Billy Boy could never learn to be a wild man; the dear boy is so quiet. And he would be scared to death at the sight of a buffalo."

Mama Brown did not quite understand her Billy Boy.

Billy Boy asked for J. Simpkins at the tent door, showing his bit of paper, and he was told to follow a porter straight to the cage of the most ferocious-looking Wild Man that ever was seen!

He had horns and he had tusks and a mane like a horse, and yet, when he laughed, Billy Boy could see, as plainly as could be, that he was only the sailor who had bought the parrot!

If one could only be a Wild Man like that, in their barn at Pekoe, thought Billy Boy, what fun it would be!

But there was no time to take a lesson in being a Wild Man, this morning, as the procession was to start soon. And it happened that the boy who rode the buffalo was ill with the mumps, so they really needed another boy.

And the buffalo boy's scarlet and gold-laced tunic and trowsers were an exact fit for Billy Boy, who looked quite straight and handsome in them!

That buffalo was such a huge beast that Billy Boy had to mount him by means of a step-ladder. He was bigger than any geography buffalo you ever saw. And he tossed his horned head and pawed the ground with his great hoofs in a way that made Billy Boy's heart go pit-a-pat.

But there was no outward sign that Billy Boy's heart was going pit-a-pat. He was not going to miss the proudest moment of his life because he was afraid! When he rode out into the crowded street, the huge buffalo following after the troops of tiny Shetland ponies, the better to show his size, and the crowd shouted and cheered, if Billy Boy did for a little while forget even Otto it was not strange!

But Otto did not allow himself to be forgotten! He wanted to see that procession with his own eyes. He had lain awake all night thinking about it. When the hospital supply-wagon was at the gate in the morning he watched his chance to slip out unobserved, and climbed into the back of the wagon!

It hurt him so that his white face grew whiter and there were drops on his forehead. He broke one of his crutches, too, and the other fell out of the wagon. But he was not found out! The driver was in a hurry, perhaps because he wished to see the procession himself. He jumped into the front of the wagon, without a glance at the back, and off down the hill rattled the wagon, with Otto in the back, in his dressing-gown with a hospital blanket pinned over his shoulders.

Just as the hospital wagon reached the procession the band struck up and the horse was frightened and jumped. It gave the wagon just enough of a jerk to throw Otto out. He was tossed into the little space between the ponies and the buffalo. The beast's great hoofs were almost upon him!

There was a wild cry from the crowd, but it was Billy Boy who slipped from his high perch and, not an instant too soon, drew his friend out of the danger.

OTTO HAD HIS ONE GOOD TIME.

Billy Boy lost his own footing; the buffalo's hoof grazed his arm and tore the gold lace of his tunic.

Friendly hands were ready to lift him again to his seat, while the crowd cheered him until it was hoarse.

"Otto first! Lift him up here and I will hold him on. It's his first good time." The marshal of the procession made no objection, since it was something that pleased the crowd.

Up went Otto, in his blanket, to the front place, frightened but not hurt, and Billy Boy held him securely and the crowd went wild!

Above all its noise a shrill voice suddenly came to Billy Boy's ears.

"Cock-a-doodle-doo! Arn't you stuck up?"

And if there wasn't Polly, in a great gilt cage, swinging high above the Fat Lady's chariot!

Polly had been calling out the names of all the wonders in the show, as she had been taught, but when she saw Billy Boy

she remembered old times. She shouted out all the patriotism she knew and the band played Yankee Doodle and the people said that the best was what was not down in the bills.

Otto had his one good time! One would scarcely have known him, his face was so bright and rosy.

It was almost a miracle that he had not been killed under the buffalo's hoofs but the ride did not hurt him in the least. And he is still telling the hospital children, over and over again, all the wonders of that procession in which he rode, to the end

CAPTAIN BILLY BOY BROWN OF THE PEKOE GUARDS.

of the route, on the buffalo and then back to the tent in the Fat Lady's chariot! For Billy Boy found the Wild Man both a kind and influential friend.

He has learned to be a Wild Man himself; there was a show in the Browns' barn, at Pekoe, in the fall, that many people thought equal to a grown-up circus, and the Wild Man was the chief attraction.

But none of the Browns were so much surprised that Billy had learned to be a Wild Man as they were that he had learned

spelling and fractions and straightened out his stooping shoulders and his bow-legs!

Billy Boy explained that he had done it to help a slower and a crookeder boy than himself. And when Otto came down to Pekoe to pay Billy Boy a visit they understood a little better.

Lena came, too, and they brought the white mice and those skilful performers took part in the barn show.

Billy Boy and Otto still think there was nothing in the "Wonder of the World" to beat those white mice.

Within a week after he returned to Pekoe, Bob told Billy Boy that if he would only join the Guards as the fellows wanted him to, he would surely be chosen captain!

"It would sound well—'Captain Billy Boy Brown of the Pekoe Guards,'" said Bob. And when I last heard from Pekoe that was what Billy Boy was called—Captain Billy Boy Brown of the Pekoe Guards!

And every one of the Browns was wishing to be the one that Aunt Kate would borrow next.

And in a little while none of them remembered that they had ever thought it queer that Aunt Kate wanted to borrow Billy Boy.

(THE END.)

Sophie Swett.

PUSSY WILLOW.

LITTLE baby Pussycat,
Round and furry, smooth and fat,
Tell me how you came to be
Sitting on a little tree—
Why your coat of grey and white
Keeps so clean and fits so tight—
Pussy, Will 'oo?

Vivien May Norris.

"YES, SHE IS A WITCH-DOLL," SAID AUNT ANNA.

MY WITCH-DOLL.

I WILL tell you how I came to have a witch-doll.

One day when it rained, so that I had to stay in, I wished I had something new to play with. Aunt Anna was here and heard me wishing. I hoped she would take notice, for she is one of those lovely aunties who try to give children what they want, if she can.

By and by Aunt Anna asked me if a new doll would do.

I said yes, but I wondered how she could get one in the rain and storm, for the street was just running with water.

"Well," Aunt Anna said, "you may run down to the laundry and ask Sarah to give you a nice new clothespin."

I was disgusted—I wondered if Aunt Anna thought I never had seen a clothespin doll! But I brought the clothespin to her, and she got out Mama's water-colors, and painted the cunningest face I ever saw on one side of the round knob at the top of the pin, with big eyes rolling up in the funniest way; Then on the other side, she glued a lot of wool that looked just exactly like grey hair.

"Now," Aunt Anna said, "this old lady is ready to be dressed—yet not quite, either, for she hasn't any arms."

Then Aunt Anna cut arms out of white paper, little hands and all, with the fingers all marked in with ink, and glued them to the clothespin.

Then Aunt Anna took some white crepe paper and made a long full skirt. Then she took some red crepe paper and made an overskirt, and rounded the bottom of it into four large scallops so you could see the white skirt below it. The sleeves were red too, all wrinkled, such as Mama has in her thin dresses. But her waist was white, like her skirt, and was full at the neck, and hung a little below her belt.

Then Aunt Anna said she never could do without a wrap on such a stormy day. So she cut a cape of gray crepe paper, and crimped it up around her neck and tied it on so it would stand out around the top, like a frill.

But the best of all was the hat. It was made of that stiff black stuff they put in dresses—Aunt Anna calls it crinoline. It had a queer turned-up rim, and a very pointed tall crown; and when Aunt Anna put it on her head she looked like that old witch-woman in Mother Goose who sweeps the cobwebs out of the sky, and I told Aunt Anna so.

Aunt Anna said, "Yes, she is a witch-doll," and then to make her to look still more "witchy," Aunt Anna made her a witch's broom; she tied a thread around the handle of a new mucilage

brush and fastened it to her waist, and then she bent the little stiff white paper hands around it.

How much I wish that you all would have a witch-doll!

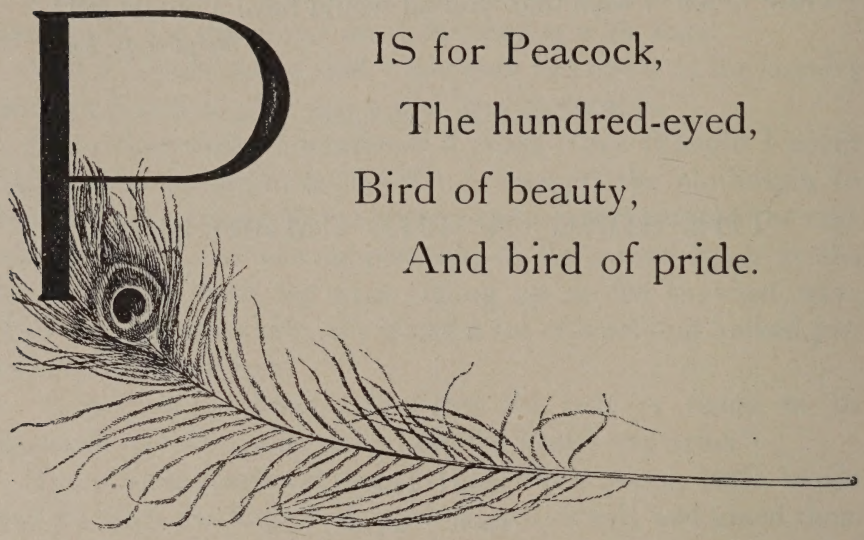
Margaret P. Boyle.

THE SONG OF THE UMBRELLA.

D
r
i
p,
drip,
drip! The
April days
have come, And
me you'd better
always take, When-
ever you leave home.
For when the sun is
shining bright, And down
the street you trip, An A-
pril shower may come up,
D
r
i
p
,
d
r
i
p
,
drip!

Maggie Wheeler Ross.

THE ALPHABET BEAUTIFUL



P IS for Peacock,
The hundred-eyed,
Bird of beauty,
And bird of pride.

(*Mama's Peacock Talk.*)

"IS a peacock proud?" asked Dot—"folks say, 'proud as a peacock'!" "Yes, and no," said I. "Doubtless a splendid peacock does rejoice in his beauty, as we are glad of any good thing that is ours; but I do not believe he despises other birds, even his plain cousins the hens, because their tails are not big and splendid too. It is right to enjoy one's own beauty, if one doesn't 'look down' on those who are unbeautiful.

"Mrs. Peacock," I went on, "goes quite plainly gowned and wears no stately train—and even Mr. Peacock, with all his glorious plumage, his jeweled crest of feathers and his gorgeous tail, has clumsy feet and a harsh voice."

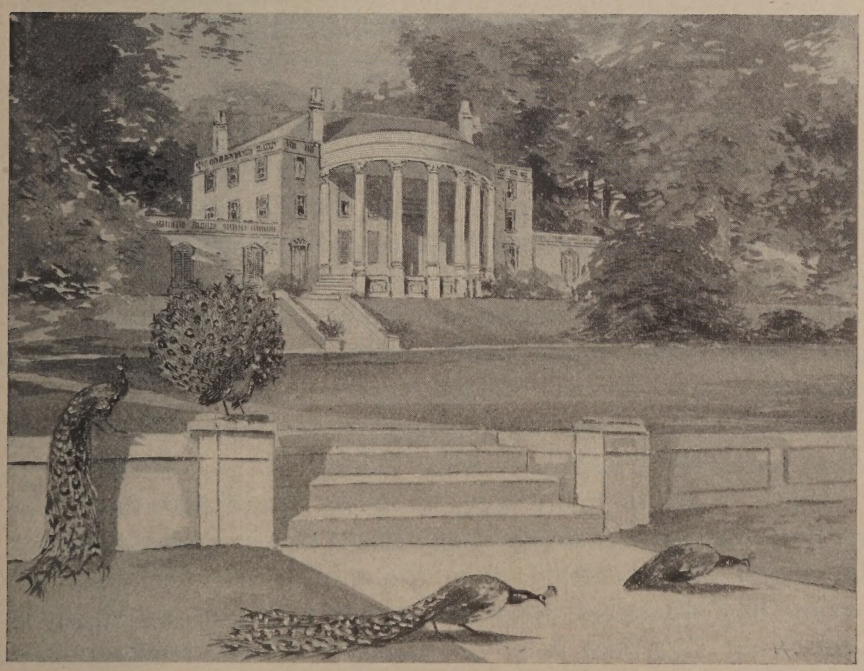
Tom asked where peacocks "grew wild." "Their home," said I, "is in southern Asia. Alexander the Great, the Greek conqueror, brought the first peacocks from India, more than twenty centuries ago. At the feasts of the Roman emperors, a peacock was the crown of the banquet—the roasted bird being re-covered by its plumage and so borne in, with crested

head and sweeping tail and all its splendor of iridescent colors. A famous dish too was made of peacock's tongues."

"Why," broke in Will, "are the tail-spots called eyes?"

"Because of their shape, with the dark blue centers rimmed with green, like the iris about the pupil of the eye. There is an old Greek legend about these eye-spots. The story goes that Argus, a mighty giant, had four eyes, and later a hundred eyes, some of which were always awake. This made him a wonderful watchman, and the great goddess Hera set him to watch over the Princess Io, who had been changed into a heifer. But the great god Zeus sent his son Hermes to capture the princess cow, and he slew the giant Argus. Thereupon Hera set the giant's hundred eyes in the tail of her favorite bird, the peacock. So it was that the peacock came by its eye-spots, and so it is that quick-sighted observing people are often called Argus-eyed."

HIS JEWELED CREST.



THE BIRD OF PRIDE.

ETHEL VENTURED TO LOOK OUT.

WHAT ETHEL HEARD IN THE NIGHT.

ETHEL was only four years old, so I am sure that it cannot be thought so very, very strange that she should be afraid when she woke up in the night and everything around her was dark and still. But little Ethel herself was very much troubled about it.

"I know I ought not to be afraid," she would say to Mama, "but, every time, I *am*."

Mama tried in many ways to teach Ethel that there was nothing for her to feel frightened about in the night darkness, but Ethel still was afraid.

One day Mama and Ethel started off on the railway train to visit Aunt Charlotte, who lived several hundred miles away. They were to be in the cars two days and three nights, and it

is not surprising that Ethel thought the journey would be quite wonderful.

There were many things to interest her the first evening, and it took her a long time to get to sleep.

"I feel as though I was packed away in a trunk," she said to Mama when she was tucked into the berth, in the sleeping car. Mama laughed and told her she would not mind it in a little while.

At last Ethel fell asleep, and in a short time after Mama went to sleep, too.

Sometime far on in the night Ethel woke.

"Oh dear, why *did* I?" she whispered to herself, and then she felt a jolting which gradually grew less until the train stopped quite still.

Ethel remembered as soon as she woke up where she was, and as usual she began to feel afraid.

The cars were very quiet. Her window was up a little way, and she ventured to peep out. It was perfectly dark.

She was going to reach for Mama's hand and waken her, when she heard a little twitter just outside the car, and then in the stillness and darkness a little bird began to sing.

"Why," she said to herself in sudden surprise, "I didn't know the birds sang in the night. I s'pose it woke up and just began to sing so's to get to sleep again."

She thought about it for several minutes, and forgot to waken Mama.

"The little bird isn't afraid," she said to herself, "and it's all alone in the woods. I wonder if I could sing myself to sleep, too."

So she began to hum a song she had learned, very softly so that she would not waken the other passengers. And her song grew softer and softer, until it ended in a sleepy little murmur, and ceased altogether.

And Ethel never was afraid when she wakened in the night after that. She always thought of the little bird in the dark woods, disturbed by the passing train, and like the little bird she sang herself to sleep again.

Julia D. Cowles.

IT SAILED ME DOWN THE WALK.

A SHIP AT SEA.

I PLAYED, once, that I was a ship
Upon the great big sea,
And ran out when a loud March wind
Was blowing lustily.

It caught me by my petticoats
And sailed me down the walk,
And took my little breath away
So I could scarcely talk.

And then it threw me on my face
Down in a little pool;
I don't *like* to be ship-wrecked,
So now I stay in school!

Lilla Thomas Elder.

BILLY BUTTON'S LAST NAUGHTY DAY.

BILLY Button was a large black goat, glossy as jet. He belonged to the Thornton children, and was their pet, pride and favorite playfellow.

Billy Button was nearly always good; but once in a long time he would have a mischievous day; and this story is about the very last mischievous day he ever had.

When old Patrick went into Billy's stable that Saturday morning, after one look at Billy he said, "Oi, but the felly has the bad eye on him! We'll see trouble with him before night!"

It was a bright, breezy, frisky April Saturday, and Billy felt bright and breezy and frisky, too. While Patrick was busy with the horses Billy did his favorite trick which Patrick had never caught him at—with his horn he unhooked the chain which fastened him to a ring in his stall. Then he slipped out of the open door.

Patrick's attention was soon called by a great sound of breaking glass. He ran to the door, to find Billy Button outside, busily eating lettuce in the hot-bed. Billy had broken the glass with his hoofs.

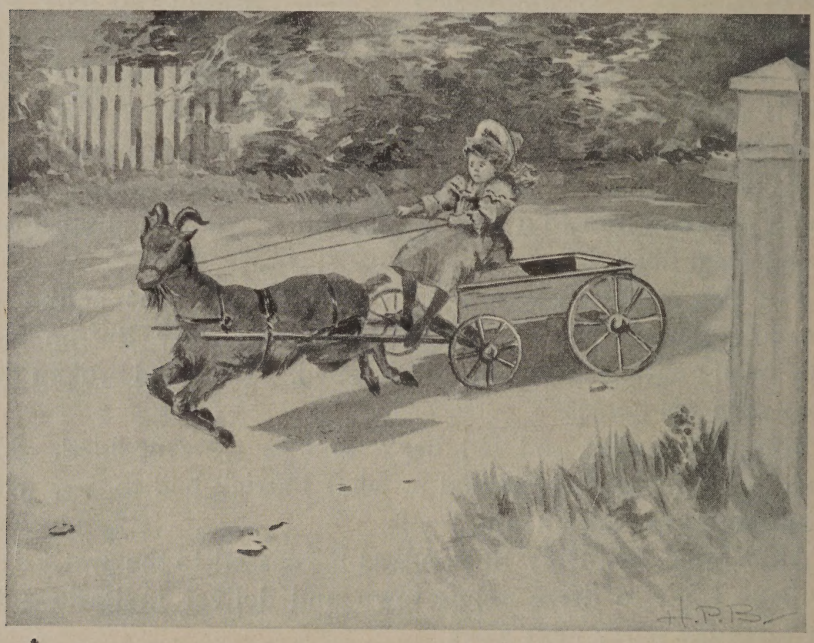
Billy was caught, and led back, and severely scolded. He made no excuses, but listened to what Patrick had to say, with twinkling eyes and dancing hoofs.

After breakfast, Billy Button was harnessed to the pretty cart for little Lucy to drive about town and deliver invitations to her birthday party next week.

Billy stood still until Lucy was seated, and walked out of the gate and to the first corner, as quietly as a well-trained goat should. But there, instead of turning, as Lucy wished, he started off on the run up the street, and he never stopped running as fast as he could go, which was very fast. Up one street and down another he flew, turning one corner after another as fast as he could. He went by all the houses where Lucy wished to call, like a flash. All Lucy could do was to hold him and try to save the cart from an upset, and as she sat up very straight and called to no one, and as Billy kept in the road all right, no-

body dreamed that she was frightened and that Billy was running away. And he wasn't running away—he was only running; for he turned corners and turned corners until he came around home all right, and stopped in their own yard politely for Lucy to get out of the cart, and then went on up to the barn door and waited for Patrick to come and unharness him.

You may think that Billy Button had had enough fun for one day, but Billy Button himself did not think so.



"ALL LUCY COULD DO WAS TO HOLD HIM."

That afternoon, the Thornton children had the big parlor to themselves, as their mother had gone down town. They were having a very pleasant time. A fine fire blazed in the grate, as it was cool in-doors. When it grew too warm, the children opened one of the long windows that led to the piazza.

In the midst of their play, suddenly was heard a clatter and rush of hoofs, and in came Billy Button to join in the fun! Billy had again let himself out of the stable.

They chased Billy at once to drive him out, but Billy would not run toward the window. He leaped wildly over and under the furniture to avoid the window, kicking up his little black hoofs, and snatching a bite at the house-plants as he flew, and tossing the sofa cushions on his horns. At last, in galloping past the grate, his long hair caught in the blaze.

The children screamed—all but little Lucy. Little Lucy sprang out of the window and called for help.

A man who was passing heard Lucy's call, and came.

"Put Billy out! put Billy out!" the children were crying.

The man knew of Billy Button, everybody did. He thought, as he came up, that the Thornton goat had got in the house, and help was wanted to turn him out.

Imagine his astonishment to find Billy Button all in a blaze and rushing up and down with fright and pain! With Lucy's help he soon had him wrapped about with a rug, and then he rolled the poor goat on the floor until the fire was out.

Billy was not badly burned, but it took much time and care to get his fine coat as handsome as it was before.

This was the last naughty day in Billy Button's life. He never even unhooked his chain after that. He was as full of frolic as ever, but never again ran with the cart, or tried to come into the house if he saw the windows open.

L. E. Johnson.

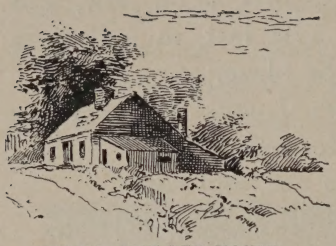
WHAT A SHAME!

THEY told me I must go to school
To learn my "A, B, C;"
I studied very hard indeed,
Till I knew it perfectly;
I thought, of course, that they were *all*,
Those little letters three—
And how I felt no tongue can tell
When they took me up to "Z"!

Jennie Betts Hartswick.

DEAR MR. DELONG.

(The Roggie and Reggie Stories.)



HERE IS THE RED HOUSE.

AND THIS IS MR. DELONG.

HERE THEY ARE KNOCKING.

CATCHING THE SPECKLED FISH.

DOWN by the river, in a little red house lived a dear old man named Mr. Delong.

And Roggie loved Mr. Delong, and Reggie loved Mr. Delong—he was their friend you know!

And almost every day Roggie would say, and Reggie would say, "I want to go down to Mr. Delong's and play."

And almost every day Roggie and Reggie *did* go down to Mr. Delong's and play.

But one day when they went to Mr. Delong's they did not find him at home. They knocked and knocked at the door of the little red house, but no one said, "Come in!"

And Roggie called, and Reggie called, "Where are you, Mr. Delong?" And then Roggie and Reggie both stood and listened.

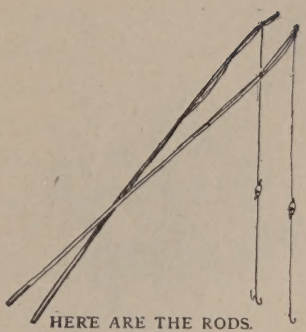
And a big strong voice called, "Here I am, boys, here I am, down by the river!"

And Roggie ran down the bank, and Reggie ran down the bank, and there on a log sat Mr. Delong with his big, long fishing rod, drawing a big speckled fish from the river!

And Roggie said, "Oh, I want to fish too, Mr. Delong!"

And Reggie said, "I want to fish too!"

And Mr. Delong said, "Of course you do, boys." And he went up the bank to his little red house, and when he came back he gave Roggie and Reggie each a little fishing rod with a nice long string, and a hook at the end.



HERE ARE THE RODS.

And Roggie and Reggie sat down on a great big rock by the river and dropped their lines in the water.

And a robin on a low limb of a tree near by said, "Cheep! cheer! cheep! cheer!" which meant, "What are you doing here, little boys? and why do you keep so still?"

And Roggie looked up at the bird and said, "Keep still, little bird!"

And Reggie looked up and said, "Keep still, little bird!"

But Mr. Robin did not keep still, he just tipped back his head and sang as loud as he could.

And Roggie called, "Mr. Delong, that bird makes such a noise the fish won't bite!"

And Reggie called, "I can't catch a fish, Mr. Delong!"

And Mr. Delong laughed. "All right, we'll go up to the house, and see what we can find."

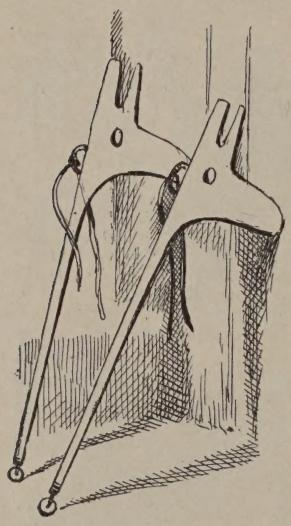
And as they walked up to the little red house, Mr. Delong said, "Once there was an old man who knew two nice little boys, and he made them each a horse out of a maple board."

THE BOYS FISHING.

THE NOISY ROBIN.

And Roggie and Reggie both said

EATING THE APPLES.



THE NEW HORSES.

WHOA, DOLLY, WHOA, WINNIE.

at once, "Did you make us some horses, Mr. Delong?"

And Mr. Delong laughed. "Yes, I have made you each a very fine horse. You may ride them home today."

And they all went into the little red house, and Mr. Delong said, "Now sit down and eat these apples, and I'll bridle your horses and bring them around to the door."

And Roggie sat and ate a big red apple, and Reggie sat and wondered about those horses.

And all at once they heard Mr. Delong say, "Whoa, there, Dolly! whoa Winnie!"

And they ran to the door, and there were the funny horses that Mr. Delong had made them.

And Roggie and Reggie, both clapped their hands and said, "Oh, thank you, Mr. Delong, thank you for these horses!"

And they jumped on their horses and rode away toward home.

And Roggie said, "My horse is running away! whoa, Dolly!"

And Reggie said, "My horse is running away! whoa Winnie!"

They played their horses were running away!

Yes, almost ever day Roggie and Reggie went down to Mr. Delong's to play and he always had a surprise for them—wasn't Mr. Delong a good friend,?"

Gertrude Smith.

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.

The publisher of LITTLE FOLKS announces that he has purchased the subscription list, copyrights and business of "Our Little Ones and the Nursery." Hereafter, all subscribers to that magazine will receive LITTLE FOLKS in its place. All accounts due the former publisher of "Our Little Ones," Mr. Laurence Elkus, for subscriptions, should be paid to the publisher of LITTLE FOLKS.

Both the publisher and the Editors of LITTLE FOLKS feel confident that all subscribers of "Our Little Ones" will be glad to join the family of LITTLE FOLKS, and the magazine will, in consequence, be made even more interesting and attractive than it is at present. To the thousands of new readers the publisher and the editors hold out warm hands of greeting and welcome.

The Nursery was started thirty-three years ago, and when the publisher of LITTLE FOLKS was a very small boy, it was considered a wonderful publication for little children. After a life of about fifteen years, it was absorbed by "Our Little Ones," which was, for many years, one of the best magazines for little children ever published. Its publishers were very successful until other ventures caused serious losses, when the quality of the magazine began to fall off rapidly, and finally in making the monthly numbers of "Our Little Ones and the Nursery" many of the illustrations and much of its text were simply reprinted from old numbers.

The subscribers to "Our Little Ones and the Nursery" will be glad to know that LITTLE FOLKS never uses old pictures or stories. Everything in every number is fresh and bright and good, and the artists and contributors are among the best to be had.

In the May number the publisher will tell the new members of the LITTLE FOLKS family about some of the premiums which have delighted our readers in the past.

The coupons sent out with the March LITTLE FOLKS are coming back in great numbers, bring new readers, and if you have not yet made use of those sent to you, the publisher hopes you will do so soon. Additional sets of ten will be issued to all who will use them. In the May number coupons will be sent to all subscribers to Our Little Ones and the Nursery.

CARMEL SOAP

Keeps the Skin Soft and Smooth.

Made in Palestine, Syria.

An Absolutely Pure Olive Oil Soap

FOR

Nursery, Toilet and Bath.

Sold by Druggists and Grocers. Imported by
A. KLIPSTEIN & CO., 122 Pearl Street, New York.

CHEAP SETS.

Cuba on U. S. 1, 2, 2½, 3, 5 and 10c, unused	40 cts.
" 1883 to 1896, 10 unused list 87c only,	38 "
Canada envelope 1 and 2c,	06 "
Salvador 1897, 1 and 5c, unused, only,	15 "
Hayti 1899, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 7, 8c set,	40 "
Congo 5, 10, 15c, unused,	12 "
New Zealand 1898, ½, 1, 2, 2½, 3, unused,	28 "
U. S. Revenue 1898, 25, 50c, $1.00, 3.00, 5.00,	75 "
Labuan 1897 1c to 24c used, set of 9 only,	70 "
British North Borneo 1897, 1c to 24c, used, set of 9 only,	70 "

Postage Extra.

Approval Sheets to Buyers at 40 per cent.

FRANK P. BROWN,

333 WASHINGTON ST., BOSTON, MASS

BY DE FREGGER.

Mothers of young Children find that for Successful Treatment of Whooping-Cough or Croup so fatal to young infants.

They Must Use

DELAVAU'S REMEDY

50 Cents a Bottle. At all druggists. It never fails.

FINE HALF-TONE CUTS FOR MAGAZINE-CATALOGUE AND CIRCULAR WORK

SUFFOLK ENG. CO.

275 WASHINGTON ST. BOSTON. MASS.

The illustrations in LITTLE FOLKS are engraved by **The Suffolk Eng. Co.**

$25 Given For Best Name For Green's Big Strawberry.

Send for free catalogue and sample of Green's Fruit Grower; also, free, Pear Culture; Currant Culture, Gooseberry, Plum, Quince or Cherry Culture.

Address, GREEN'S NURSERY CO.
Rochester, N. Y.

Frye's Remedy **"QUICKSTEP"** is sure to cure **Rheumatism** In all of its forms.

A CERTAIN REMEDY FOR

Headache,
Insomnia,
Dyspepsia,
Indigestion,
Constipation.

SUFFERED EIGHTEEN YEARS, NOW IMPROVING.

FRYE'S REMEDY CO., CALAIS, ME., April 26, 1898.

Dear Sirs:—I have been a sufferer from rheumatism for 18 years; at times could not get around at all. A friend of mine was cured by "Quickstep," and I procured some. After a few doses, I am wonderfully improved, and at the same rate of improvement I shall be well in a very few days. I feel ten years younger W. D. SMITH.

Pamphlet and Testimonials for the asking.

At Druggists, or sent on receipt of $1.00, *mail or express prepaid by* FRYE'S REMEDY CO., 105 Summer St., Boston

CHATTANOOGA, TENN.

Dear Little Folks:—I am a little boy eight years old—will be eight in June. I like you so much. I am fond of "Billy boy Brown," and the "Black Cat." I make my Aunt Em. read and reread "Billy Boy" every day. I love to pinch my Aunt Em, and we have regular battles sometimes. I have seven white rabbits, wish the readers of *Little Folks* could see them. I like to read the little letters so much, and hope mine will be in print. I have been only taking you a few months and can hardly wait till the next time for them to come.

Richard Dugger.

PLYMOUTH, N. C.

Dear Little Folks:—I am ten years old, I go to school and have to study mighty hard. I subscribed to you for a year and gave you to my little sister Charlotte on her birthday—she is seven years old and likes you so much. I like the story about "Bee" and the one about "Billy Boy Brown" the best. I certainly will be glad when the February number comes so I can find out whether Billy Boy got his white mice back or not. I have a little sister named Annie—she is four years old, *she* likes the story about "The Black Cat" best. I wish you would put a fairy story in your next paper. I think fairy stories are so nice. I am going to try to get some more subscribers for you. I think you are the best magazine I ever saw. My little sisters Charlott and Annie like you very much, and I have a sister Emily 13 years old and she likes to read you, too. I think this is the first letter you have had from Plymouth, North Carolina. *Roger Fagan.*

PEEKSKILL, N. Y.

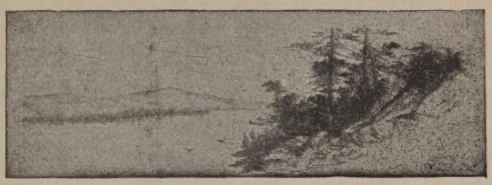
Dear Little Folks:—I am four years old, going on five, and I like the magazine very much, especially about the Black Cat and I would like to hear more about him. Rosebella is my new baby (doll) that Santa Claus brought me. My children had a Christmas-tree of their very own, and they had lots of candy—I didn't have as much as they did. Peter had a candy cane and a watch. Ruth had a fur boa with ribbon on it, and so did Maudie. Cousin Grace and Susan each had a little bit of a doll, and Susan had a candy basket. Punch and Fluff are our two white cats. Dorothy is their mother, and I have a little pony named Rex.

Katherine Husted.

LENOX, MASS.

Dear Little Folks:—I have not written to you before, but I like you very much. The stories that I like best are "Billy Boy Brown" and the "Roggie and Reggie Stories." I am eleven years old. I play on the violin and am quite interested in it. My oldest sister and I play duets on our violins. My younger sister is just starting to learn the violin. I am always waiting for the "next number" to come. I got you as a Christmas present. *Ellen Powers.*

LAKE GEORGE.



LAKE CHAMPLAIN.

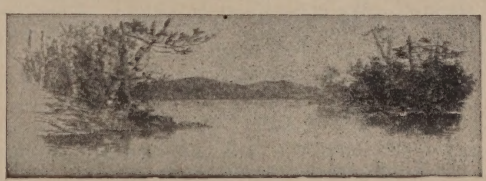
A NEW PREMIUM.

Several months ago LITTLE FOLKS offered some etchings as a premium for new subscribers. They were so popular it has been decided to offer a new set of four. The four etchings are all by the popular artist L. K. Harlow, and are larger than the other set. They represent scenes on Lake Erie, Lake George, Lake Champlain and Lake Winnepesaukee. A photographic reproduction of the subjects is given in this column. These are genuine original etchings and are printed on plate paper 10 by 14 inches. They are all worthy a frame.

All four subjects will be sent to any subscriber to LITTLE FOLKS who sends one new subscriber.

They will be securely packed and sent by mail, post paid.

S. E. CASSINO, Publisher.
221 Columbus Ave., Boston.



LAKE WINNEPESAUKEE.

LAKE ERIE.

High-Grade Flower Seeds.

20 PACKAGES FOR 10c.

	KINDS		KINDS
Pansy	40	Candytufts	10
Nasturtiums	10	Morning Glory	15
Phlox	20	Sweet Peas	36
Verbena	18	Sw't Mignonette	5
Pinks	15	Sweet Alyssum	5
Petunia	12	Portulaca	15
Asters	47	Zinnias	10
Balsam	10	Marigold	12
Poppy	26	Larkspur	10
Calliopsis	12	Four-o'clocks	15

All of the above sent to any address, postpaid, for 10c silver or 6 two-cent stamps. As a premium, and to introduce our Seeds into every household, we will also send

A Collection of Beautiful Bulbs, Free.

SOMERVILLE NURSERY,
SOMERVILLE, MASS.

SHERIDAN'S CONDITION POWDER

It will keep your chickens strong and healthy. It will make young pullets lay early. Worth its weight in gold for moulting hens, and prevents all diseases. It is absolutely pure. Highly concentrated. In quantity costs only a tenth of a cent a day. No other kind like it.

NOTHING ON EARTH WILL MAKE HENS LAY LIKE SHERIDAN'S CONDITION POWDER

Therefore, no matter what kind of food you use, mix with it daily Sheridan's Powder. Otherwise, your profit this fall and winter will be lost when the price for eggs is very high. It assures perfect assimilation of the food elements needed to produce health and form eggs. It is sold by druggists, grocers, feed dealers or by mail

If you can't get it send to us. Ask first
One pack. 25 cts. five $1. Large 2-lb. can $1.20. Six cans Exp. paid, $5. Sample of BEST POULTRY PAPER sent free
I. S. JOHNSON & CO., 22 Custom House St., Boston, Mass

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

Dear Little Folks:—I think you are a very nice book. My Papa sent for you last year for me, and I liked you so much Papa gave it to me for Christmas. I hope I will see this printed in the book. I like "The Live Doll," "The Littlest One of the Browns" and "Donald's Good Hen." I like them all. I am a little girl nine years old. I have no brothers or sisters.
Yours lovingly, *Hilda Rawson.*

GREENVILLE, ME.

Dear Little Folks:—I am nine years old. Papa has a camp up the lake. I have two brothers and two sisters. I have just come home with Henrietta from Bangor, and Mama went to Boston. We came home last night. I had the grip and the mumps too. I like you very much. I don't like to go to school.
Marion Bigney.

CUBA, KANSAS.

Dear Little Folks:—I am a little boy seven years old today the 25th of December. I was a Christmas present seven years ago, and I can celebrate my birthday and Christmas on the same day. I like the story of "Reggie and Roggie" and "Billy Boy Brown." I wish you came oftener, I like you so much. Papa and Mama are agoing to move to town soon, so I can go to school and Sunday-school. We have been living on our farm for the past sixteen months. I enjoy the farm. I like to feed horses and pigs and calves and all stock, and gather eggs and feed chickens. Santa Claus has been so good to me and my sister this Christmas—he brought me an air-rifle, and books and candy and so many nice things, and I am so thankful to him for them. I will try and get some other little boys and girls to subscribe for you. My Mama says you are the best little children's magazine she ever saw.
Orran Sense.

Dear Little Folks:—I can heartily indorse all that my little daughter says concerning her pleasure in you, and can say honestly that the only improvement I could suggest would be in size, for in everything else you come pretty near perfection. *Mrs. F. D. Bigney.*

HARTFORD, PA.

Dear Little Folks:—The day I was five years old I went over to Aunt Jennie's to see if she would take the magazine for Marian, and I ran into a sharp iron and cut my eye. Mama was pretty scared, but Grandpa says it won't leave any scar. My premiums came last night, I like them a good deal. My dollies and I can play "Puss in the Corner" all alone, but Papa and Mama and Grandpa play the "Hare and the Hounds" with me. Mama is writing this cause I can't write, but I am telling her what to say. I just love *Little Folks*—I like the stories in *Little Folks* better than I do in "Alice in Wonderland." I have got two more subscribers to *Little Folks.* *Beth Stearns.*

BUCKSPORT, MAINE.

Dear Little Folks:—I have been wanting to write to you for some time, but have only just got Mama's consent. I am a little girl six years old last October. I have learned to write since my birthday, have not got any brothers or sisters. I have two cats and a lot of dollies.

I live on a farm and you know that farmers' barns are always full of the nicest pets—calves, pigs and lambs. When I was two years old Papa bought me a pug puppy for a birthday present. At first I thought he was lonely, and I pitied him so because he had to wag his tail so much. So when Mama gave him a dish of warm milk I would take hold of his tail and say, "Now, puppy, *you* eat and *I* will wag." So I wagged away while he ate. But he grew faster than I, and he soon found out that if he jumped up on me it would throw me down, and then he would pull off my rubbers, or shoes, and run away with them. He tore up my play-things too. I had a big cloth doll; her name was Judy. She was stuffed with cotton. One day when Mama was out in the yard she heard me crying and looked in the window. She saw cotton all over the floor, and me on the floor under Papa's desk crying, and my mouth was open so wide that my face looked like one great dark hole. And she rushed in to see what the matter was. I told her that bad "Tip" had torn out Judy's brains and they were all rolling under the stove. For a year I cried when I saw cotton and would sob, "Judy's brains! Judy's brains!" One day Tip went away and he never came back any more. I am going to send you my picture for the Baby Show, taken when I was about three, out with my big doll Nellie taking the air. I worked awful hard writing this long letter. I will get Mama to copy it. I like you, Little Folks, so much I can hardly wait four long weeks to get you. *Geneva Adelle Page.*

Deafness Cannot be Cured

by local applications as they cannot reach the deseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by Catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars; free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

MOTHERS Your Children Cured of Bed-Wetting. Sample Free Dr. F. E. May, Bloomington, Ill.

12 dif. unused Foreign Stamps 10c. Fine sheets 60 per cent. off. G. M. FRAME, 197 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

Children Teething.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for over **Fifty Years** by **Millions** of **Mothers** for their **Children while Teething**, with **Perfect Success. It Soothes** the **Child, Softens** the **Gums, Allays** all **Pain**; cures **Wind Colic**, and is the best remedy for **Diarrhœa**. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind.

Twenty-Five Cents a Bottle.

HOOPING-COUGH CROUP.

Roche's Herbal Embrocation.

The celebrated and effectual English Cure without internal medicine, Proprietors, W. EDWARD & SON, Queen Victoria St., London, England. Wholesale of **E. FOUGERA & CO., 30 NORTH WILLIAMS ST., N. Y.**

····THE····

"KITCHEN AND HAND" ...SOAP...

The Best Soap Ever Introduced
For Cleansing and Polishing
Tin, Copper, Brass,
And all Metals.

For Cleansing & Restoring
PAINT
It has no equal in the market.

For removing Tar, Pitch, Cement, Varnish, Paint, Axle Grease, Blacking, and all impurities from the hands, it is unequalled, leaving the skin soft, white and smooth.

Beware of Imitations. For sale by all Grocers.

CHAS. F. BATES & CO.,

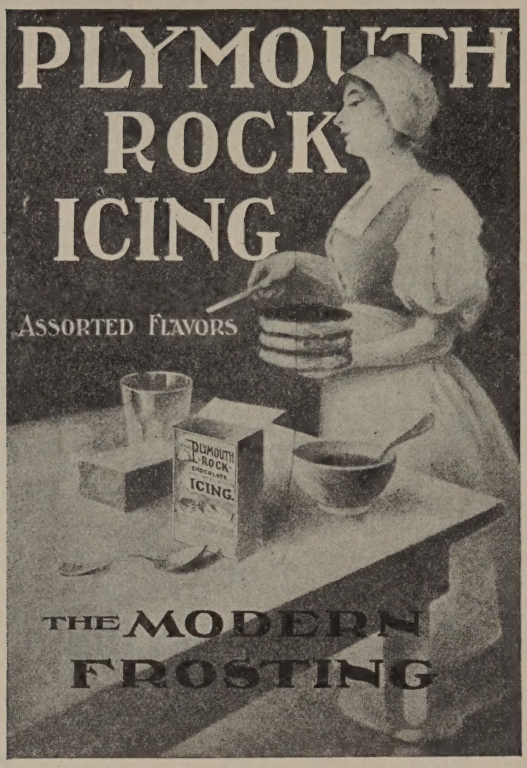
Proprietors and Manufacturers,

Office, 123 Oliver St., - - - Boston.

Factory, Wollaston, Mass.

DR. FAHRNEY'S TEETHING SYRUP

is preferred by mothers because it is perfectly harmless to the most delicate infant. Not an atom of injurious drugs in a gallon of it. It takes baby through the entire period of teething in comparative comfort. Cures colic in ten minutes; relieves indigestion; cures sour stomach, and is widely recommended for cholera infantum. **Trial bottle will be sent free if you mention this paper.** Address DRS. D. FAHRNEY & SON, HAGERSTOWN, MD.

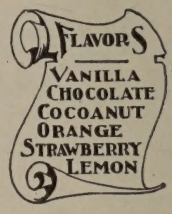


ABSOLUTE PURITY, DELIGHTFUL FLAVOR, SIMPLICITY OF PREPARATION.

PLYMOUTH ROCK Icing is better than home-made frosting for all kinds of cake and pastry making. Its simplicity of preparation and absolute purity make it superior to any similar preparation. Put up in powdered form, it requires mixing with cold water only.

Will keep indefinitely in any climate.

Put up in Half-pound Boxes



10c. each. Sold by Grocers everywhere

Unsurpassed for cake frosting and for flavoring Ice Cream, Bonbons, etc.

If your grocer doesn't keep it, send us his name and address, together with 10 cents, and we will mail you Sample Box of any flavor.

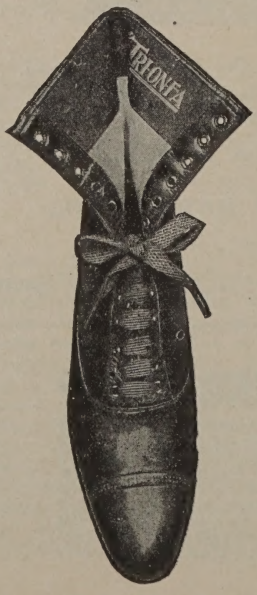
MANUFACTURED ONLY BY

Pilgrim Baking-Powder Co.

(DEPT. B)

BOSTON, MASS.

$2.50



TRI-ON-FA LADIES SHOE

This shoe is making a great sensation among women and among shoe dealers, on account of the stylish shapes, the fine workmanship, and the remarkable leather of which they are made. Shoe dealers have only to show them to sell them. Women alway buy a second pair. The leather used in all TRI-ON-FA SHOES is the "best that money can buy. It is soft, delightful to the touch, and wears remarkably."

We are placing them with good shoe men everywhere, but if yours does not have them we will send you a pair on receipt of $2.50, and will refund your money if you wish. Our shoe book shows over twenty styles. Shall we send you one?

THE HURLEY SHOE CO., Lynn, Mass.

Spring Books: Ready April 1.

LOTHROP PUBLISHING COMPANY

Announce for Immediate Issue the Following New Books Especially Adapted to Young People.

Germany: Her People and Their Story.

By AUGUSTA HALE GIFFORD. One vol. 8vo, 593 pages, cloth, emblematic cover, fully illustrated, $1.75.

A new popular up-to-date history of Germany from Arminius to William II. Written alike for Americans and German Americans by an American long resident in Germany. Destined to be *the* popular story of Germany.

Tales of the Malayan Coast.

By ROUNSEVELLE WILDMAN, Consul-General of the United States at Hong Kong. One vol. 12mo. Illustrated by Henry Sandham, $1.00.

A notable collection of Malayan stories and sketches by the man who was largely responsible for America's Asiatic expansion. They are full of color and permeated with the subtile flavor of the Orient and a dash of American enterprise.

Yesterday Framed in To-day.

A story of the Christ and how to-day received Him. By "PANSY" (MRS. G. R. ALDEN). One vol., 8vo, illustrated, $1.50.

A remarkable story by one of the most prolific of religious story tellers. The sub-title gives the motive. It *is* a story of the Christ and how to-day received him. It is worthy a wide reading among all shades of religious belief.

The Stories Polly Pepper Told.

By MARGARET SIDNEY, author of the famous "Pepper Books". One vol. 12mo. Illustrated by Jessie McDermott and Etheldred B. Barry, $1.50.

A charming "Addenda" to the famous "Five Little Pepper" stories. A unique plan of introducing old friends anew. Will be welcomed by thousands of children.

The Story of Our War With Spain.

Told for Young Americans. By ELBRIDGE S. BROOKS, author of the "Century Book for Young Americans," "True Story of George Washington," Lincoln, Franklin, and others, "Historic Boys," etc. One vol. 8vo., profusely illustrated, $1.50.

An authentic, complete, and up-to-date story of the war of '98, prepared after a careful study of the best and latest data by Elbridge S. Brooks. It is at once comprehensive, graphic, and entertaining and well sustains the reputation earned by this popular writer's long list of interesting and successful books for young Americans.

A Modern Sacrifice.

The story of Kissie Gordon's Experiment. By "Pansy" (Mrs. G. R. ALDEN). One vol. 12mo, illustrated. $ .75.

A new "Pansy book" of the true Pansy type, an incentive to right thinking and right living, which all young people may read with profit, as they will certainly read with interest.

The Despatch Boat of the Whistle.

A story of Santiago. By WILLIAM O. STODDARD, author of "Guert Ten Eyck," "Gid Granger," "Little Smoke", "Chuck Purdy", etc. One vol. 12mo. Illustrated by F. T. Merrill. $1.25.

A bright and breezy story of a newspaper despatch-boat, reporters, refugees, Cubans and Spaniards. It is spirited, vigorous, and absorbing, and is incidentally a story of the war from the news of the destruction of the *Maine* to the fall of Santiago. And it is told by Mr. Stoddard! What more could any boy or girl desire?

Of special timeliness this Spring are the NEW EDITIONS IN NEW BINDINGS of the following three popular historical books for young people by Elbridge S. Brooks, revised and brought up to date.

The American Soldier.

Cloth, 4to, illustrated, $1.50.

The American Sailor.

Cloth, 4to, illustrated, $1.50.

The True Story of the United States of America.

4to, cloth, profusely illustrated, $1.50.

☞Any of these books will be sent for inspection, to be returned if not desired.

Write for particulars. Address Department L.

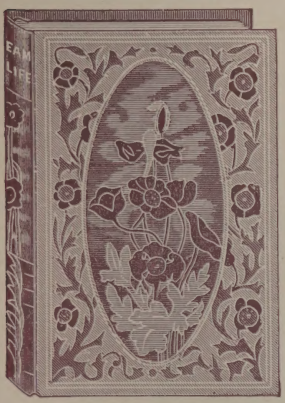
LOTHROP PUBLISHING COMPANY, BOSTON.

It is Sterilized.

Pillsbury's VITOS, the ideal wheat food, is sterilized. Unlike other cereal foods it does not have to be critically examined before using, and none need ever be thrown away. Owing to its granular nature Pillsbury's VITOS never becomes starchy, and hence can be used as a substitute for bread crumbs and cracker meal, for covering croquettes, fish and oysters. This is the season for fish. Have you a package of Pillsbury's VITOS?

Made by THE PILLSBURY-WASHBURN FLOUR MILLS CO., MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

SOLD BY GROCERS EVERYWHERE.



A Remarkable Premium.

For one new subscriber to LITTLE FOLKS, sent by a present subscriber before May 15th, the publishers will send any three volumes desired from the following list of books. These books are all by well known authors, are nicely printed on good paper, well illustrated with half tone cuts and a portrait of the author.

All are nicely bound in cloth with gold with colored designs on side and back. The accompanying cut gives a very inadequate idea of the beauty of these books. This is an excellent opportunity to secure many of the standard works by English and American Authors. No charge is made for packing, but 18 cents must be sent for postage on each three volumes.

1. Abbe Constantin,..... *Ludovic Halevy.*
2. Adventures of a Brownie,... *Miss Mulock.*
3. Autobiography of Benjamin Franklin.
4. Autocrat of the Breakfast Table, *Holmes.*
5. Bab Ballads and Savoy Songs,.... *Gilbert.*
6. Bacon's Essays.
7. Balzac's Shorter Stories.
8. Beecher's Addresses to Young Men.
9. Black Beauty,..... *Anna Sewell.*
10. Blithedale Romance, The,.... *Hawthorne.*
11. Brooks' Addresses.
12. Bryant's Early Poems.
13. Camille..... *Alexandre Dumas, Jr.*
14. Carmen..... ... *Prosper Merimee.*
15. Changed Cross, The, and Other Religious Poems.
17. Chesterfield's Letters, Sentences and Maxims.
18. Childe Harold's Pilgrimage,..... *Byron.*
19. Christian Life, The,..... ..... *Oxenden.*
20. Coming to Christ,..... *Havergal.*
21. Confessions of an Opium Eater *De Quincey.*
22. Cranford, ... *Mrs. Gaskill.*
23. Crown of Wild Olive, The, *John Ruskin.*
24. Daily Food for Christians.
25. Discourses, Epictetus.
26. Dream Life,..... *Ik. Marvel.*
27. Drummond's Addresses.
28. Emerson's Essays—1st Series.
29. Emerson's Essays—2d Series.
30. Ethics of the Dust,..... *John Ruskin.*
31. Essays of Elia,... ..... *Charles Lamb.*
32. Evangeline, ... *Longfellow.*
33. Evening Thoughts,..... *Havergal.*
34. Fanchon,..... ... *George Sand.*
35. Gold Dust.
36. Greek Heroes,..... *Charles Kingsley.*
37. Heroes and Hero Worship,..... *Carlyle.*
38. Holmes' Poems.
39. Hiawatha, the Song of, *H. W. Longfellow.*
40. House of the Seven Gables, *Hawthorne.*
41. House of the Wolf, The, *Stanley Weyman.*
42. Idle Thoughts of an Idle Fellow, The, *Jerome K. Jerome.*
43. Idylls of the King,..... *Tennyson.*
44. The Impregnable Rock of Holy Scripture, *W. E. Gladstone*
45. Imitation of Christ, of The, *A Kempis.*
46. In Memoriam,..... *Tennyson*
47. Jessica's First Prayer and Jessica's Mother..... *Hesba Stretton*
48. John Ploughman's Talk,..... *Spurgeon*
49. John Ploughman's Pictures,..... *Spurgeon*
50. Kept for the Master's Use,..... *Havergal*
51. Kidnapped,..... *Robert L. Stevenson*
52. Kipling's Ballads.
53. Laddie and Miss Toosey's Mission.
54. Lays of Ancient Rome, The, *Macaulay.*
55. Lady of the Lake,..... *Scott.*
56. Lalla Rookh,..... *Thomas Moore.*
57. Last Essays of Elia,. ..... *Lamb.*
58. Light of Asia, The,..... ..... *Arnold.*
59. Line Upon Line.
60. Longfellow's Poems—Vol. I.
61. Longfellow's Poems—Vol. II.
62. Lowell's Poems.
63. Lucile,..... *Owen Meredith.*
64. Manliness of Christ, The, *Thomas Hughes.*
66. Marmion,..... ..... *Scott.*
67. Message of Peace, The,.... *R. W. Church.*
68. Mulvaney Stories,..... *Kipling.*
69. Morning Thoughts,..... ..... *Havergal.*
70. My Point of View,..... *Henry Drummond.*
71. Phantom Rickshaw,..... *Kipling.*
72. Plain Tales from the Hills,..... *Kipling.*
73. Pleasures of Life,..... ..... *Lubbock.*
74. Princess and Maud,..... ... *Tennyson.*
75. Poe's Poems.
76. Pathway of Safety..... *Ashton Oxenden.*
77. Pathway of Promise.
78. Peep of Day.
79. Precept Upon Precept.
80. Queen of the Air,..... *John Ruskin.*
81. Rab and His Friends,..... *John Brown.*
82. Representative Men,..... *Emerson.*
83. Reveries of a Bachelor,..... *Ik. Marvel.*
84. Romance of a Poor Young Man, *Feuillet.*
85. Sartor Resartus,..... *Thomas Carlyle.*
86. Scarlet Letter, The, *Nathaniel Hawthorne.*
87. Sesame and Lilies, ... *John Ruskin.*
88. Sentimental Journey, A, *Laurence Sterne.*
89. Steps into the Blessed Life,..... *Meyer.*
90. Tales from Shakespeare, *Charles and Mary Lamb.*
91. Tanglewood Tales, *Nathaniel Hawthorne.*
92. The Throne of Grace.
93. Ten Nights in a Bar Room, *T. S. Arthur.*
94. Thoughts, Marcus Aurelius.
95. Tom Brown's School Days,..... *Hughes.*
96. Two Years Before the Mast, *R. H. Dana, Jr.*
97. Treasure Island,... ..... *Stevenson.*
98. Undine,..... *de la Motte Fouque.*
99. Vicar of Wakefield, The, *Oliver Goldsmith.*
100. Weird Tales,..... *Edgar Allen Poe.*
101. Whittier's Poems—Vol. I.
102. Whittier's Poems—Vol. II.
103. Window in Thrums, A..... *J. M. Barrie.*
104. Wonder Book, A,..... *Hawthorne.*

VICTOR COFFEE

ABSOLUTELY PURE—DELICIOUS FLAVOR.
PRICE WITHIN REACH OF ALL.

Sold Only in One-Pound Air-Tight Tins. Best Grocers Have It.

SHAPLEIGH COFFEE CO., 19 INDIA STREET, BOSTON.

CONTAINS NO SUGAR, NO GLUCOSE, NO MALT.
HIGHEST AWARDS WHEREVER EXHIBITED
FOR THE BABY · THE INVALID · THE CONVALESCENT · THE AGED.

PURE. POSITIVELY THE BEST FOOD SAFE.

IMPERIAL GRANUM

THE CHEAPEST TO BUY
BECAUSE
THE MOST ECONOMICAL TO USE

SUCCESSFUL
WHEN ALL OTHERS FAIL.

* SOLD EVERYWHERE *

Shipping Depot JOHN CARLE & SONS 153 Water St. New York.

IMPERIAL GRANUM PREPARED FOOD FOR INVALIDS AND CHILDREN

HENRY F. MILLER

Pianofortes

SEND FOR CATALOGUE. BOSTON, MASS.